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Dysga fod yn esmwyth, dedwyddyd cai fal hon ;
 Boddlondeb sy deyrnas, pan wreiddia tân y frôn ;
 Rho derfyn i'th awydd, a'th nwydau sydd heb ri',
 Boddlonach fyddi eforý na heddyw, coelia fi.

ENGLISH POETRY.

TRANSLATIONS OF THE PENNILLION.

LXXI

To fall sick of love or not,
 Tell me, friend, which should I choose,
 Doubting, who the prize has got,
 She who gains, or I who lose.

LXXII

Cruel longing does so tease me,
 'Tween my breasts I feel it seize me,
 There with weight so heavy pressing,
 Like a child its nurse caressing.

LXXIII

Where can be the use, I pray,
 From happiness to sever ?
 While I am both young and gay,
 My heart I'll conquer ever,
 Conquer still, though crosses fall ;
 Yet some are e'er complaining :
 Wealth we need not, great or small,
 Where'er content is reigning.

LXXIV

Yon sweet harp, how it resembles
 Some fair maid, whose soft form trembles
 To your touch, and soon you find her
 Grow beneath it kinder, kinder.

LXXV

The bird, so free from care,
 Nor sows nor reaps a grain,
 But, quite thoughtless through the year,
 He chaunts his merry strain.

Upon the branch he'll stand,
 His eye fix'd on his wing,
 Not a penny at command,
 Rejoicing still to sing.

LXXVI

Plunge yon mountains in the sea,
 That hide Meirion's land from me :
 Ne'er again twill meet my sight,
 Till this heart is broke outright.

STANZAS

ON THE FORMATION OF THE

METROPOLITAN CAMBRIAN INSTITUTION.

1.

SHADES of the great, the nobly brave,
 Rejoice, the hour, tho' long delay'd,
 Hath come, when, like the ocean's wave,
 In majesty and might array'd,
 The treasures of your native land
 Shall ride sublime from strand to strand.

2.

Cambria, exult ! behold, her wings,
 Arous'd from slumber, Fame hath spread ;
 Lov'd dwelling of a thousand kings,
 Again she rears thy sunken head :
 See the vast roll her hand displays,
 The records of thy past and glorious days.

3.

She waves her wand, the forms arise
 Of mighty men, forgotten long ;
 Hark ! to her harp's wild symphonies
 Again she wakes thy beauteous song :
 To modern ear and eye she brings
 Tales of thy minstrels, deeds of thy stern kings.

4.

Before her glance the clouds retire,
 Whose gloom so long hath on thee lain :
 See ! bright up-springs the dormant fire,
 Lighting all thy proud domain :